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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 51

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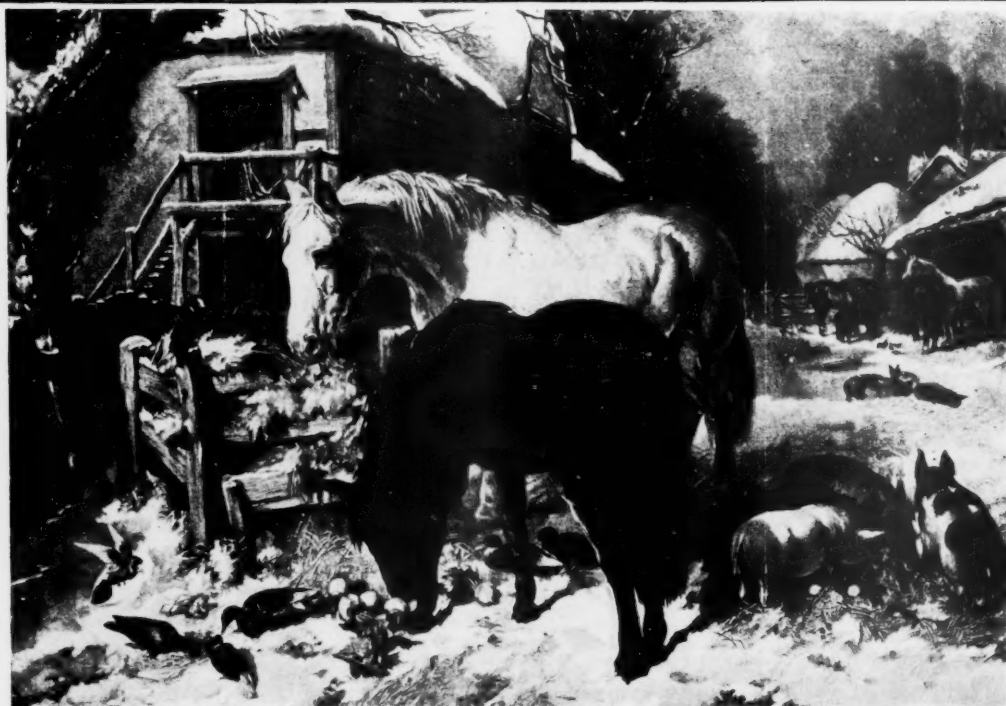
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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Plimpton Press, Lenox St., Norwood, Massachusetts
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Vol. 51

December, 1918

No. 7

A Christmas Supplication

LOUELLA C. POOLE

FOR wider vision, clearer sight,
For boldness to uphold the right,
For light upon our way,
For wisdom and grim fortitude,
Grant thou, O Giver of all Good,
These gifts to us today —

For strength to help the fallen up,
For grace to hold the healing cup
Unto the world's sore need!
O not in vain the awful price
Of this vast human sacrifice —
The cross 'neath which we bleed —

If through this bitter, bitter flood
Of scalding tears, and sweat of blood —
This dark Gethsemane —
At last, though scourged and bruised and tried,
The nations, chastened, purified,
Shall closer draw to Thee!

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS to every reader!
How can we wish less in spite of pestilence and war?

WHAT a Christmas to be remembered this coming one would be should the war have ended before it came!

DON'T forget the birds at Christmas, and any other of our animal friends in any danger of going hungry!

THESE are not the days when the demand for humane education is urgent. War's the thing. Yet never was the need so great as today in the schools of every land for that training which exalts justice and humanity above the brutal forces of the world.

THE first Christmas men ever knew is so associated, in the lowly stable, with animals as companions of the little child "whose only cradle was a manger," that one may well believe that great "Advent" was intended to mean much for animals as well as for men.

WITH every boy scarcely out of his baby clothes wanting a toy gun, and playing the soldier; with otherwise humane and wise mothers encouraging the militaristic spirit in their children, how long it will take to get back, in the training of children, to Christian ideals!

THE Boston superintendent of police has issued an order instructing all officers to enforce strictly two sections of the city traffic regulations; the one forbidding all cruel beating or abuse of horses, and the other prohibiting boys under 16 years of age driving any licensed or business vehicle.

WILL YOU HELP US?

AMONG our pressing needs is an endowment fund for our Vacation Farm for Horses. We cannot run this farm as a money-making scheme, though every possible effort is put forth to make it help sustain itself. The care of the horses of the poor, the weeks of rest given scores of those faithful animals worn and foot-sore from the hard city pavements, costs annually a large sum of money.

Would it not be a comfort to many who read these words to know that in helping provide for the expenses of the farm by contributing to an endowment fund they were making possible for long years to come rest and recreation for many a horse whose daily lot is to travel, in summer, the hard, hot pavements of the city, and, in winter, to strain every muscle to keep from falling on the icy streets?

At times this summer we had more than forty horses in our pastures, for the majority of whom days of comfort and freedom were made possible by the gifts of those to whom such a service has been a keen pleasure. Who will be first to start the endowment fund?

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" ABROAD

A FRIEND in England who subscribes for several copies of our magazine and sends them to camps, hospitals, and personal friends, in a letter to us, recently, enclosed this note from an English postmaster to whose home the paper is sent: "Just a line to thank you for so kindly sending the magazine. I think the article on 'Unafraid' splendid. Many families enjoy looking at the magazines, and I always lend them where I know there are children."

There are few surer ways of widening the humane movement than by putting copies of *Our Dumb Animals* in homes, schools, libraries and such other places as may occur to one.

REVENGE

WHAT is it the mob always seeks? Not justice, but revenge. Punishment according to law will not suffice. It is torture that is demanded. Of course perfect justice the law may seldom secure. It may take a life for a life; it cannot make reparation for the inexpressible spiritual suffering a crime, involving murder, for example, may have caused. But beyond the punishment provided by the law men and nations may not go. They may not make even the slightest approach toward a punishment inspired by the spirit of revenge. The idea of subjecting the criminal to physical torment as part of his penalty is abhorrent both to a right-minded man and a just tribunal.

When, however, one reads today the comments of many an American newspaper, and the reports of the public utterances of more or less distinguished politicians, ministers, and others, he is startled to see the old spirit of the mob asserting itself. The enemies of the Allies must not simply be punished, made to make reparation wherever reparation can be made, we are told, but their cities must be burned, their land laid waste, that is, we must commit the same crimes they have committed, and which have horrified us and outraged our sense of justice. Then what better are we than they? How much further toward the truth and the light has our "Kultur" led us than theirs has led them?

It is out of this spirit that springs the desire to see the war ended, not when the things the Allies have fought for are fully attained, but only when, with the ends attained, there can be present also the consciousness on the part of the victors that they have had their revenge. Shall this war brutalize us, or shall we come out of it with our ideals of justice and honor still unimpaired?

News comes the day we go to press that the war is ended

THE JACK LONDON CLUB

A Great Advance in October — Seven Thousand New Names Added

AS every month *Our Dumb Animals* falls into the hands of new readers we must repeat the story of the Club:—

Jack London wrote "Michael Brother of Jerry." The book deals with the cruelties practised in training performing animals for the stage. Many of the cruelties are appalling. He says we shall never stop this evil till people get up and go out of theaters during the time these "stunts" are being given. That silent protest, he says, managers will understand. To belong to the Jack London Club all you have to do is to promise to do this. It may be embarrassing. It may seem an annoyance to others. Think of the unhappy animals. Would you want them to do as much for you if you were in their places? The Club has no officers. It asks no dues.

We would greatly like to have you send us your name and as many other names as you can.



AN UNNATURAL ACT

READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

The book is published by the Macmillan Co. at \$1.50. We will send the "Foreword" free to any asking for it. A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Twelve copies of the book have already been given as prizes; several of these to schools.

The Seven Thousand New Names

Five thousand of these came to us from the largest single Band of Mercy organization in this country, the F. R. Langley Humane Society and its Division Bands, Roxbury, Mass. This fine society which covers so many public schools in Boston and its suburbs comes into the Club with 5844 members.

From Yakima, Washington

"At our Humane Education booth at the Yakima County Fair, said to be the most attractive and interesting booth in the building, we secured 575 actual signatures."

A Letter from Switzerland

"I am trying to secure more names for the Club. Here are some of the answers I get: One lady said, 'But I love performing animals and zoos and I'll never believe there is cruelty till I see it.' A man said: 'I'd look nice deserting a lady in the middle of a music hall act just because some performing animals were to appear.' In many cases I plead in vain but I am not discouraged, for it proves that at last some people are awakening to a better sense of the rights of animals. 'We are their only Providence,' as a French writer quaintly says."

Texas

The Highland Park Band of Mercy reports a Jack London Club of 73 members.

Old and Young

The majority of the members of the club are men and women, but many children and youths have seriously considered the matter and finally decided to join it. The following letter which greatly pleased us by its beautiful and thoughtful spirit, speaks for two sisters who wrote in much the same way:

Pocasset, Massachusetts.
October 12, 1918.

Dear Sir:

I will willingly join the "Jack London Club." When I first read about it, I thought it would be very embarrassing to leave in the middle of a performance, but I think that if I go again, I wouldn't care to stay now that I know how cruelly the animals are treated off the stage. Anyway it is much better to be a little embarrassed than to have animals suffer, and I gladly promise never to remain in the room while trick animals are performing.

I am much interested in the club, and will do my best to make my friends join.

Sincerely yours,

OLGA and ELLEN M. FROTHINGHAM

St. Louis

From a publishing house in St. Louis we have a letter saying, "You will be interested in knowing that an effort is being made to raise, by popular subscription, funds with which to erect in one of the parks, either in Oakland or San Francisco, a monument to the memory of Jack London."

A Letter from the Rochester, N. Y., S. P. C. A. *Our Dumb Animals*:

At the last meeting of our Board of Directors it was voted unanimously that we heartily endorse the Jack London Club. Due notice of this action was given to the local press and considerable interest has been manifested by our townspeople.

With every best wish, I am

Very truly yours,

JANE KINKAID

Clerk of the Board of Directors.

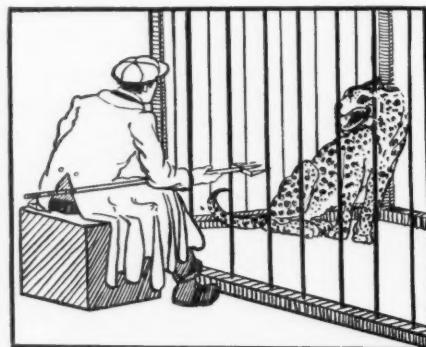
Letters and names daily come from all over the country. California, the home of Jack London, is represented in nearly every mail. If only we could acknowledge every letter and name! We are glad, however, to send the "Foreword" and the Jack London Club leaflet to all who write for them. More than 12,000 have been mailed from our office.

From Performing and Captive Animals' Defence League, London, England, in *The Animals' Friend*:

Some Thoughts on Seeing an Animal-Trainer at Work

Some work having brought me into the rambling courtyards and desolate rooms habitually let for rehearsals of various kinds, I chanced to catch sight of an animal-trainer actually engaged in his task.

I stood at the entrance of a large covered-in place resembling a vast carriage-house, which opened upon a high-walled courtyard. The place was full of poles, scenery, ropes, and other tackle used on the stage. The main part of the room was taken up with cages, and in one of the largest was a leopard. Before this cage and close to it was seated upon a large box a man. He was unconscious of my entrance, and sat, motionless, balancing easily in his right hand a long, brass-handled, three-pronged fork. The prongs were close together, the head of it being about four inches across. It was a slender instrument, and obviously made for the special purpose. The animal as I caught sight of it was creeping round the farthest side of its cage to the corner opposite the man, and showing its teeth. It looked both enraged and



THE TRAINER AT WORK

frightened. When it got opposite him it shrank back into the corner growling in fear and hatred. What struck me in this momentary glance was the horrible calmness of the man, who, having all the odds on his side, and, as he thought, solitude, in which to compel (by whatever means might be required) a wild yet helpless beast to do his will, seemed to gloat over his power. The other thought which crossed my mind was: "What had the leopard gone through to reduce it to such fear and rage at the sight of the man and the prod?"

At this moment the man became conscious of my presence. He turned, and, rather clumsily assuming an air of unconcern, gently slipped the prod out of sight on his far side, at the same time addressing me politely. I answered, and did not appear to have seen his fork, which an uneasy conscience obviously made him anxious to conceal.

From this momentary glimpse of a calling so carefully concealed I gathered these conclusions. The man in this case was going to train the leopard from the outside of his cage — perhaps to beg or perform some simple folly. It seemed to me that, in whatever part of the cage the beast was, the man could reach it with his tool.

Probably at a later stage in the tuition a chair or stool for the beast to mount on would have been introduced, and, lastly, with suitable precautions, the man himself.

The thought which lingered in my mind was horror at the savage tortures, the pains, the distress of ill-health, caused by the unnatural life and confinement these wild beasts must endure to amuse an audience. But the sufferings of other animals, such as dogs, horses, cats, birds, who constantly associate with man, and who in many cases either *could* not or *would* not do any real damage to their tormentors, and possess a more highly developed nervous system, and consequently suffer more mental anxiety and distress, must be terrible indeed.

And all this suffering on the part of helpless creatures and inevitable brutalization of those who train them — is for what? Simply to amuse people, who, if they knew at what a cost their brief amusement was provided, would, I believe, for the most part refuse to sit through another performance.

The shows of performing animals not only add to the sufferings of the creatures who share the earth with us, but must also inevitably coarsen and brutalize those concerned with the training and demoralize those who witness the performances.

While nations continue to permit entertainments that are, in fact, tortures of the helpless, what hope can there be of their attaining to that true civilization which will make war impossible between themselves?

S. MASSINGHAM

The stage display and the training do not, however, represent the whole evil. An enquiry as to how the animals are kept when off the stage gives a glimpse into one of the most squalid and cruel of trades. A typical case was taken into court recently by the National Canine Defence League. It concerned the ill-treatment of a troupe of dogs performing at Drury Lane Theater, not while on the stage, but behind the scenes, and it resulted in conviction and the imposition of heavy fines. What convenience is there at the back of the stage to give an animal even a tolerable life? The larger ones are cooped up in small cages in dark rooms and cellars.

From *Contemporary Review*, London,
January, 1918

Wild Horses of the Plains

EL COMANCHO

WHEN the Spaniards came to America they brought the first horses to the continent. The animals escaped and were left behind by the Spaniards to become the parent stock of future herds of wild horses that ranged the Plains from Mexico to as far north as Saskatchewan and possibly further.

Horses from early American settlers escaped from time to time or were run off by the wild horse bands and added to the blood. Indian tribes caught them in numbers and re-domesticated them, using them as a means of transportation which they had never known before the advent of the Spaniards. Indeed, it was the possession of horses that made the Plains Indian tribes possible, and later made roaming warriors of them, for they never traveled far before they had horses.

Some tribes became horse breeders and turned out fine stock; the Comanches of Texas were almost like Arabs in this matter, and the Cheyenne tribe of Wyoming gained fame as producers of the famous "pinto" or "painted" (spotted) horses of the Plains.

Bands of wild horses could be found almost anywhere where feed and water conditions were favorable, as late as the eighties. Two such bands ranged in the sand hills of Nebraska between the Platte and Niobrara rivers, the habitat of one band being around the head of Dismal river and the range of the other band being along the Loup river.

Wild horse herds were always led (and strictly herded into individual bands) by individual stallions who looked after their charges with almost human intelligence, leading them to feed and water and guarding them from danger of every sort. These stallions would fight each other and any wild enemy such as the grizzly bear, with all the wild ferocity of a tiger. They would even attack man if he was afoot and alone, as many an Indian or white horse-hunter can testify.

The two stallion leaders of these Nebraska sand-hill herds were well known up and down the Plains for a number of years and every device and plan was tried to "get" them. One was a coal-black trotter with long sweeping mane and tail — as beautiful an animal as ever ran free under the sky. The other was a bay pacer with cream mane and tail that swept the

ground and gave him a comet-like appearance while running full speed. Two finer horses never lived, I verily believe. They were much sought by horse hunters for several years and were finally captured.

Indians tried to "walk them down" by keeping them moving slowly all the time, without a chance to feed or get to water, but they never could get either one. Cow-men tried encircling the herds and "roping" them many times. This method resulted in the capture of the bay stallion on the head of the Middle Loup in 1885 (I think it was) by a gang of men from Stems Ranch and other ranches of the region.

The black stallion was "creased" by a rifle shot through the top of the neck by a single hunter who thus captured the big fellow a year or so after the bay was caught. The black was captured miles to the northwest of his old range in the sagebrush desert of Wyoming after nearly all his band had been captured by cowboys on regular organized horse hunts that often resulted in the capture of a whole herd at once.

The horse was the unit of value in trade among all the Plains Indians; the man who owned "many horses" was rich — he who owned none was poor. A wife was valued by a certain number of horses, the more desirable the wife the greater the number of horses she would bring to her father when marriage day came around. Next to the buffalo, the horse was the most valuable of all Plains animals to the Indian tribes.

Indians had always used dogs for pack animals up to the time they got horses from the increase of the Spanish herds, so it is only natural perhaps to find the Sioux calling the horse Shunks-tonka, literally "big-dog," because they could pack all their stuff on his back just as they always had packed it for transportation on dogs before.

The Blackfeet took a somewhat different view of the animal and called it Pono-kom-i-ta, which means elk-dog or more nearly "like-elk-like-dog." Undoubtedly this name was selected because, in size, the horse was "like-the-elk" but without his big horns and, because they could pack their belongings on the horse, he was "like-the-dog" who had always been



BELGIAN CAVALRY MARCHING TOWARDS BRUSSELS

French Official Photograph

their pack animal before. Therefore the name "elk-dog" as above.

The Crow Indians who lived in the Yellowstone River country called the horse E-cheta. Just what this name means I never learned but it is likely somewhat similar to the others.

The last wild horse herds that I know of were ranging in Washington and Oregon, but these were rounded up and captured several years ago and as far as I know the real wild horse of the Plains is gone forever now, the nearest approach today being ranch horses which still run the open range here and there.

HOW OUR CAVALRY HORSES FARE

JUST how Uncle Sam cares for his cavalry horses is told in a long letter to Mrs. Charles Francis Darling, president of the Worcester Branch, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., by Lieut. James E. Masterson, veterinary corps, U. S. A., now at Camp Greenleaf, Chickamauga, Ga. Among many interesting things, Lieut. Masterson writes:—

"We have had an exceedingly hot summer down here, and no doubt you are wondering if the horses ever get overheated, sun-struck, etc. Well, ordinarily, the latter conditions might happen, but all kinds of precautions are taken. We work our animals six days a week and only about four or five hours a day. Two in the morning, two in the afternoon, and occasionally a little extra work now and then is allowed. Everything in the United States army is done by system. This wonderful system extends to the stable work and care of animals as well as men.

"All horses and mules are quartered in corrals. These corrals have a three-sided long shed extending on each side. It is 200 feet long, 10 feet wide and 15 feet high with a flat roof pitched just enough to let the water drain off. All parts of the stable except that reached by horses' heads are whitewashed often. Feed boxes are washed and cleaned daily, also disinfected at least once a week.

"The front sides of our stables are entirely open, shielded only from wind and rain by a canvas. If horses do not stand in a draught, the colder the stable the better. This is especially true of the cavalry horses, because if called to take the field suddenly, they will not suffer a sudden chill.

"In case a horse comes in wet, he is rubbed with dry straw until fairly dry, care being taken to follow from hindquarters to head, and always against the way the hair grows. In case he is wet, hot or cold, he is sometimes blanketed. The legs are hand-rubbed and later blanket is removed and horse is groomed.

"Each cavalry man, as a rule, loves his horse far more than words can describe, but some of the work-horses, pack-train and mules don't fare quite so well. They can't be abused, however, especially if an officer is near. If you think of anything the society would like to know about camp life or the animals, let me know, and I'll tell you, if possible.

"Uncle Sam certainly takes good care of his men. We have meat three times a day, plenty of sugar, real butter, etc., and, in fact, everything a person could wish for except fruit, and I believe there must be a scarcity of fruit here in the South or we would have it."

HERE, waiter, this plate is damp!" said a traveler who was dining in a cheap restaurant.

"Ah," said the waiter, "that's your soup! We serve only small portions in wartime!"



Just Dog—a Story of the War

ELOISE ROBINSON

A LITTLE while ago I was out at one of the training camps in France—the last one where the men are sent before they go to the front line trenches. In some ways those last training camps are harder than the trenches themselves. The men are put through all sorts of maneuvers, calculated to be as fatiguing as some of the hardest work they may theoretically—or actually—encounter in the battle line. They may be sent out for a thirty-six hour barrage with no food except what they can carry with them, in addition to their heavy equipment, and sleep—when they have a chance to sleep at all—in the mud and rain around their guns. But more than that, it is hard because, though they seldom acknowledge it, the men are in suspense and perhaps a little nervous about their entrance into the trenches for the first time. It is all unknown to them, and they have heard all sorts of stories, until they hardly know what to believe. After they are once in, no matter how hard it is, it is better than waiting.

As I sat in the door of the Y. M. C. A. hut, with the piano going full tilt behind me and the noisy chatter of men over their chocolate bowls, I noticed three big privates bending over a magazine and discussing something with great earnestness. At last they strolled over to me.

"We just wanted to ask you something," one of them began.

I had known what he was going to say. They always do want to ask you something. Seemingly, to the American army the Y. M. C. A. uniform means reliable information on any subject. They "just want to know" anything from whether they are going to get their pay on time or how soon they are going to the front to what are the latest songs "back home."

"Of course you know," I said, grinning up at them, "whatever I tell you is dead sure to be right."

They grinned back, but grew sober again. "Is there anything in this here story that they are going to kill all the dogs in America, to save food?"

"Wh-what?" I gasped. My mind flew back to my own beautiful collie as I had last seen him, on the steps of the porch, looking after me with questioning eyes and still, pricked ears and motionless tail, because I had told him that this time he could not go. "Who says there is any talk of that kind in America?"

"This is a good magazine, isn't it, ma'am?" The spokesman held up a copy of a well-known periodical, — a woman's periodical, which claims

that its circulation runs into the millions. And it claims, too, to be the most popular magazine among the men in the army.

I nodded. "Yes, it's a good magazine."

"Well, it says here that all of the dogs have to be killed sooner or later, and according to this it ought to be sooner." He pointed with one hard brown finger to an editorial on the grimy page.

It did not say that all dogs would have to be killed sooner or later—not quite. This is what it did say:—

"We might as well get accustomed to the idea that the question of keeping pet dogs may sooner than we think appear on the horizon with us as it already has in England and France. . . . Well, which is more important, dogs or human beings? You think of your one dog. But multiply him as a devourer of food and see where you end. In one county of Kansas there are 6000 dogs eating enough food to feed 1000 French or Belgian orphans. Which is more important to the world just now? . . . Here and there is a dog which is self-supporting, a shepherd dog or a watch-dog. But how about the millions of dogs which are kept as pets? . . . Opposite to that place our duty, to save food for our fighters. Yet we are feeding millions of pounds of food to our dogs—an essentially idle part of our population. We may not like the thought of doing away with our pet dogs. . . . But when more of our personal likes are brought to a point, as they will be, of choosing between a personal preference and a national human need, the question that will come to us is, Do our dogs mean more to us in this crisis than human lives?"

"I got a dog at home," the second private put in, as I finished reading, "and if they kill him— He looks something like this fellow." He flipped over the magazine, and there on the cover was the picture of a Belgian police dog, decorated for distinction and bravery with the *croix de guerre*. Perhaps the private did not see the irony of that situation, but I think he did, for he kept looking from one to the other. "When he laughs he looks just the same, with his tongue showing a little."

"I have a dog, too," I told him. I knew how he felt, for I was feeling the same way myself.

"Have you?" It was the third man who spoke. "Mine is a setter—lemon and white. I raised him from a pup—five weeks old. He's five years, now, and when I get back—maybe it seems funny to say it—but when I get back I sometimes think I'll be gladder to see that

little old hound than I will any person. We always understood one another."

"I was thinking of my little sister," the first private put in. "She is eight years old, and since she was four she hasn't been able to walk—fell on the stairs and hurt her back. We got a little dog that thinks the sun rises and sets in Jeannie. And if anything was to happen to Rags—" he looked down and began turning a flat stone he had picked up over and over in his big hands.

I could not help wondering what the editor of the magazine who had printed the article would feel about the way he was helping the morale of the army if he could have seen the faces of those three boys. I knew what he had done to my morale.

"I wouldn't pay any attention to this," I told them. "It is just talk—talk that some one who doesn't know any better is putting up."

They shook their heads dubiously.

"I don't know," the biggest man said doubtfully.

"It says they wouldn't kill the useful dogs," the first private went on again. "But ours isn't a useful dog. He doesn't even know any tricks. He's too little to save anybody's life; he's just dog. But my little sister—"

"If they kill my dog—" said the second private again, but the third interrupted him.

"That about France, though,—the fellow that wrote that didn't know how things are over here, that's sure. Do you think any of these French people will kill their dogs? Not on your life! The whole family will go on half rations before that. I guess they've had to remember that it won't do us any good to win the war if we're going to turn into that kind of people. Maybe the Germans began by killing dogs."

"If they was as fed up on killin' at home as we are over here," the first private added, "they wouldn't be talkin' that way."

"If they kill my dog," the second private repeated, "while I'm over here fightin' for 'em, just so's a few of those 'conscientious objectors' can have food,—"

"And so people at home can eat after the theater, and people over here can have more meals than they ever have at home!"

"What hits me," said the third private, "is the way they talk about 'personal likes.' I guess the same person made dogs as made us. And it's just plain German to kill them because we have the power to and think we humans will be a little better off. Maybe we got a right to kill dogs,—I don't know,—just because they are dogs and we're men. Yes, the Germans would think that."

PIG BABIES

ISABEL VALLÉ

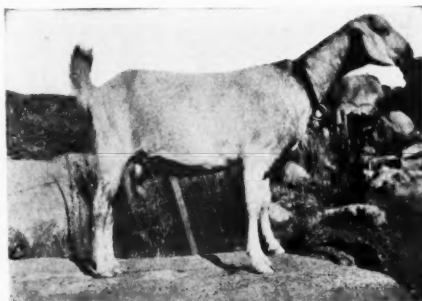
*THE orchard roof is thatched with green,
And there are shifting rents between
Where golden showers of sunlight pour
And flood the mossy emerald floor.
Here, huddled in a blissful heap,
Some pink and white pig babies sleep,
From tiny hoof to shiny snout
Unblemished, spotless, clean throughout.*

*Like petals on the quiet grass
At close of day when no winds pass,
Yet that the next breeze dooms — they lie.
Thrice happy flowers thus to die!
If prayer availed, I would straightway
Kneel humbly and the high gods pray
On their Olympian knees to keep
These pretty innocents asleep
Forever — safe from men and mold —
A silver picture framed in gold!*

The Milch Goat a Blessing

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

CHILDREN in America are becoming anaemic. The one food that puts color into the countenances of children is sweet milk. The high cost of dairy food, the scarcity of labor and other problems have caused many farmers to abandon their herds and as a consequence the milk situation in many parts of the country has become a serious one. Growing children must have milk but they cannot always get it. Some can get it, but the kind they get is of poor quality, too poor to put the blush in the cheek.



PURE ANGLO-NUBIAN DOE

There is a solution to this serious problem, and it lies in the introduction of the Swiss milch goat on small farms and suburban lots. For centuries the Swiss milch goats have been furnishing food to thousands of families in European countries, but ignorance and prejudice against the goat in the United States have prevented them from generally being kept in this country. However, in California they are gaining ground and in other States they are gradually but slowly being introduced. But if the people only knew that the goat is one of our cleanest animals, and that its milk is almost tubercular proof, and richer than cows' milk, and that one good milch goat will give enough milk to supply one average family, a goat in each family would soon be the rule. And then the goat eats little, for one goat will eat but about a sixth as much as a cow and will give about a third as much milk. If a doe gives three quarts of milk per day, she is considered an excellent milker. However, some give as much as six quarts per day, but even two quarts of milk per day is considered good. Mr. Winthrop Howland, of Redlands, California, last year had a Swiss Toggenburg goat, kept on the University of California farm, which broke the world's record as a milk producer, by over 300 pounds. For the period of one year, this doe produced 2941 pounds of rich sweet milk, or more than 21 times her own weight. The period of lactation for a good doe should be from seven to eight months.



SAANEN MALE

There are three breeds of milch goats in this country. The Anglo-Nubian is a very popular English breed, and is a cross between the native English goat and the Nubian, a native of Nubia, Egypt and Abyssinia. They have short hair, with a varying color; some black, some red, some tan, with or without white markings. The wethers of this breed make handsome pets for children, taking the place of the Shetland ponies. This breed is much heavier than either the Toggenburg or Saanen, and the goat odor, to which so many people object, is absent in this breed.

The Saanen is one of the leading breeds of Swiss milch goats, taking its name from the Saanen valley in Switzerland. This breed has short hair and the color varies from pure white to a creamy white. The Saanen goat was introduced into Canada in the year 1904 and has since then been introduced into the United States. They make dependable milkers.

The Toggenburg completes the list of the three greatest breeds of milch goats in this country. It takes its name from the Toggenburg valley, Switzerland. It is a very handsome animal and much resembles a deer. They have white bars running down the sides of the face and the body is mouse, or fawn color. The Toggenburgs hold their ears erect, very much like the blooded horse. They are fine milkers.

On small suburban lots one or two goats may be kept by each family. They are very healthy, and besides eating the lawn cuttings and scraps from the table, they will not require much food.



TOGGENBURG MALE

An exerciser, which takes the place of a range, should be erected in the back yard for them to exercise over. They are the most gentle of all the animals, and the very essence of kindness beams from their eyes. They are very intelligent, and make the best of pets, thus not only supplying milk for the family, but affording a natural pet, from which a child may learn to be kind to all living creatures, and at the same time secure the experience necessary for full development. Kids retail at about \$25 each, and does from \$40 to \$75 each. If there was ever a propitious time for the Swiss milch goat to be introduced, it is now, to save America's greatest asset—the coming generation that is to rule the greatest country in the world.

THE much despised mule is outranking in value the horse. The War Department says the average price it is paying for mules is: wheel, \$228; lead, \$189; pack, \$184; for horses, cavalry mounts, \$161; heavy artillery, \$221; light artillery, \$188.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

December, 1918

FOR TERMS see last page.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

WAR AND HUMANE EDUCATION

PROBABLY the most of our readers believe that our entrance as a nation into the war was inevitable. Being in it, there has been nothing to do but stay in it until the ends that seemed to justify our entrance have been attained. This certainly does not mean for many of us that we believe in war any more today than four years ago, or that we are any less opposed to militarism and all that goes with it. We still hold that war is not only a blunder and a crime against humanity, but that it is no more necessary than a personal encounter with fists or guns is necessary between us and our neighbors. One thousandth part of the time and money spent in building battleships and in training men for war, spent in the schools of the nations teaching children the elemental principles of justice, fair play, and humanity, and there neither would nor could have occurred this murderous war which has turned so much of the world into a slaughter-house.

And what of humane education today? For the moment, "till the tumult and the shouting dies," it must step aside into the shadow and bide its time. It is war now, war, so far as we can see, from which we could not shrink, that holds the world's attention. Even the schools where humane education has had so wide and fruitful a field are occupied to no small degree with services connected with war. Principals and teachers and pupils are too interested, quite naturally, in winning the war, to be very hospitable to the message whose one supreme note is the death knell of strife, injustice, and war.

But this will pass. The hour is coming when the most hated and execrated thing in the thoughts of men will be war. When even youth itself, taught by millions of its elder brothers returned from the face to face encounter with the ghastly facts of war, will be delivered from the spell and glamour of what has seemed from afar so alluring in its power to excite the imagination and to stir the blood. Then our day will come again. The things for which humane education stands will claim their rightful place in the minds of men, as will all the things of the spirit, for the moment overshadowed by the dark clouds of war.

Have you seen the Humane Calendar for 1919, with separate leaves for each month, containing valuable humane suggestions? A practical present for teachers to place in the school-room. Fifteen cents per copy, postpaid; special prices for large quantities to be sent by express.

DOES THE HORSE LIE DOWN?

ONE occasionally sees the statement that horses seldom, if ever, lie down. That there are horses whose caretakers have never seen them resting in that way we do not question, because we have heard it from stablemen who have carefully observed them. But no one who knows anything about horses, and who has seen them stretched out at full length in pastures and in their stalls, and who has noticed the unmistakable evidences on the horses themselves in the morning of having lain down, will credit the assertion. Many a horse is doubtless too sensible to lie down on a rough, filthy, unbedded floor, but give him a comfortable, well-bedded stall, and not only will he lie down but repay his owner with better service and more years of usefulness because of the more perfect rest thus obtained.

GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE

SOMEONE has said, "Count no man happy until he is dead." We may also say, Judge no boy a failure until he has had his chance. A contemporary publication, *Til-Bits*, is authority for this:

Isaac Barrow, who turned out so splendid and noble-hearted a man, was, when a boy at Charterhouse, notorious chiefly for his stormy temper, proverbial idleness as a scholar, and pugnacious habits; and such unhappiness did he cause his parents that his father was wont to declare that "if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it would be Isaac."

When the Duke of Wellington was a boy he gave his mother so much trouble that on one occasion she bitterly exclaimed, when asked what his future was to be: "He had better go into the army. A lad like that is only fit food for the bullets!"

WHAT DESTROYED THE SHEEP INDUSTRY?

THE *National Humane Review* says: "The dog has earned his keep in dollars and cents, a hundred times over. And yet, ungrateful persons and foolish doctrinaires would like to destroy the dog on the pretext of reviving the sheep industry, when it is well known that the sheep industry in the United States was destroyed because of international competition, by the cheap wool of Australia, where labor is \$6 a month and land is worth \$5 an acre and Americans have better paying crops at home. Oh, the folly of it! The stupidity of it! The heartlessness and insincerity of it! These silly people will not win in this bloody crusade. The heart and morality of the world is too big to sanction a wholesale butchery of this kind, which is opposed by truth, common sense and loyalty."

BY DECREE OF FASHION

AT the Madison Square Garden horse show, last month, we learn from the *New York Herald*, there appeared no classes for docked saddle horses, the type having become so extinct that the few shown hereafter will have to compete in the same classes with the long-tailed horses of the type which now are generally seen on bridle paths and in show rings. How far public opinion against the cruelty involved in docking horses is operating to end the inhuman practice we do not know. According to the showmen it is only Fashion whose judgment has counted.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE two following letters need no comment. We withhold the name of the author of the first because we believe sometime she will regret the words she has written, and the name of the author of the second because of the very personal character of the letter, publishing only a few sentences selected from it.

October 7, 1918.

The Mass. S. P. C. A.

Sirs:

Stop sending your publication of *Our Dumb Animals* to my little daughter. No one loves animals, dumb ones, any more than myself and family, but when you say on your editorial page that there are many kindly German hearts in Germany who do not sanction the acts of brutality committed by the Germans in France and Belgium, — I think you are overstepping the bounds of good Americanism, and by bringing Jesus' name into comparison, you become decidedly wicked.

I wish the whole German race to be annihilated.

Yours for a strictly American America,

Mrs. — — —
Central Ave.,
Newport, Ky.

Fifth Ave., New York City.
October 11, 1918.

My dear Dr. Rowley:

I must write to tell you how very greatly I admire, and approve of, all the different articles you have written on the first page of the October number of *Our Dumb Animals*. It is indeed as you say, "He who bears unrelenting hate toward his fellow turns his back on the Master." Love, to my mind, is the one thing in the world that helps and saves.

I am obliged to go away for a little while on account of my health but I shall take *Our Dumb Animals* with me, and shall re-read the articles of which I have spoken, and be thankful to God for them.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,

BELLS ON SHEEP

THE following letter, from an old friend of wide experience, contains a suggestion we would like to see well tested:

North Adams, Mass.

My dear Dr. Rowley:

During my professional career which extends over a period of half a century it has been my privilege to visit farmers who have kept and raised sheep, and I have observed that where they have put a strap around the necks of some of them to which was attached a bell they had no trouble from the dogs. I feel confident from long observation that farmers who own sheep, can, by putting bells on some of the largest and most active ones, say one to every eight in number, keep the dogs out of their flocks.

The sound of the bells frightens or intimidates the dogs. Farmers are in my opinion too much frightened over the dog-scare, and while the sheep industry is under discussion this method of which I speak may be of some value to some one. Whether this suggestion is new or old it is certainly worth trying.

Yours sincerely,
H. J. MILLARD, M.D.

They who practise cruelty are themselves the greatest sufferers.



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN SHUTE, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

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JOHN R. MACOMBER, President of Harris, Forbes and Company

Prosecuting Office in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance), Brookline 6100
L. WILLARD WALKER, *Chief Officer*

On witnessing an act of cruelty, take particular notice of the nature of the injuries inflicted; the condition of the animal ill-used; obtain, if possible, the name and address of the owner and driver, or person in charge of the animal, and set down the time and place where the offense was committed. Communicate these facts, giving your own name and address, to headquarters of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, or to any of the Society's authorized agents. The information will be treated as strictly confidential, and you will have done your humane duty intelligently and effectually.

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated.....	824
Animals examined.....	7780
Number of prosecutions.....	17
Number of convictions.....	16
Horses taken from work.....	188
Horses humanely destroyed.....	156
Small animals humanely destroyed.....	404
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined.....	53,820
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed.....	126

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$3000 from the Estate of Emily V. Lindsley of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., \$3000 from Nellie M. Simpson of Lawrence, and \$200 from Miss Melinda Anderson of Westfield.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Cranmore N. Wallace of Boston, Ezra Otis Swift of Brookline, and Abbie T. Vose of Boston.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$200.71 from a Rhode Island friend, \$32.89 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, and \$1165.42 interest.

November 12, 1918.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,
Chief Veterinarian

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.
C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S.
B. S. KILLIAN, D.V.M.
T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S. } *Veterinarians*

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.
J. G. M. DEVITA, V.M.D.
E. F. SHROEDER, D.V.S. } *With U. S. Army*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	253	Cases	275
Dogs	165	Dogs	184
Cats	48	Cats	79
Horses	35	Horses	6
Birds	3	Birds	4
Goat	1	Goat	1
Sheep	1	Rabbit	1
Operations	110		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915,	10,404		
Free Dispensary cases	12,951		
Total	23,355		

POLICE OFFICER COMMENDED

THE following letter was sent to Officer John J. McDonough, Station 9, Boston, by President Rowley:—

October 29, 1918

My dear Officer McDonough:

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has learned with a great deal of pleasure of your fine and brave conduct in rescuing thirteen horses from a burning stable last Thursday. I take this opportunity to express our appreciation of such generous and humane service toward helpless animals, tied up in buildings where a fire is liable at any time to break out, and which are dependent upon us for their safety.

The Society is greatly dependent upon the police force for its cooperation and never fails to note with satisfaction both the humane acts of the officers of the force and their desire to see the anti-cruelty laws obeyed.

Please accept our congratulations and our best wishes for yourself.

With sincere regard, I am,

Most truly yours,
FRANCIS H. ROWLEY,
President

DOG MUST HAVE EXERCISE

THE chaining of a dog so as to deprive it of the freedom of exercise was recently adjudged an act of cruelty in violation of law by a Long Island magistrate. After being warned that the keeping of a dog on a six-foot chain attached to its kennel was cruelty, a dog owner was prosecuted and found guilty in court. The defendant, under a suspended sentence, promised to give the dog a certain amount of liberty, and exercise, to which the judge said every animal was entitled.

This conviction, secured by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York, "so far as we know, establishes a precedent," writes Mr. W. K. Horton, general manager of the Society.

WORK OF TRAVELING OFFICER

OUR traveling field officer began late in May to visit by automobile out-of-the-way places in distant parts of Massachusetts. His report to October 30, is as follows:

Miles traveled.....	8,514
Cases investigated.....	268
Animals inspected.....	11,650
Number of prosecutions.....	48
Number of convictions.....	46
Horses taken from work.....	71
Horses humanely destroyed.....	78

DR. LOVE'S SUCCESSOR

THE Connecticut Humane Society is to be congratulated upon securing Mr. H. Clay Preston, of Buffalo, N. Y., to succeed the late Dr. William DeLoss Love as General Manager. Mr. Preston, during the past five years, has been in charge of the Erie County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Buffalo, N. Y. Previous to that he was connected with the Brooklyn Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where for ten years he engaged in rescue work.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

THE freedom of a city was once publicly accorded to a dog—Greyfriars Bobby, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

IT has been officially declared that the homing pigeon in war is ninety-seven per cent efficient as a means of communication.

DO not give a child a rifle or any other instrument of torture for Christmas, and discourage such giving among your friends.

In making holiday purchases, carry with you such packages as you can, thus saving many a weary horse from unnecessary trips to deliver merchandise.

When you buy War Savings Stamps you do not give your money, you loan it at 4 per cent compounded quarterly. You help your Government, but you help yourself even more.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chile
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Mrs. Lillian Kohler	Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé	Japan
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton	Madeira
Mrs. Francisco Patxot	Porto Rico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
Jerome Perinet, <i>Introduit des Bords</i>	
of Mercy en Europe	Switzerland

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. E. L. D. Bryan, Richmond, Virginia
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Seattle, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, Savannah, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Mary Harrold, Washington, D.C.
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

CHRISTMAS GREETING

CHRISTMAS is nearly here, and we are all looking forward to much that will give us pleasure—happy family gatherings, nice presents, cheery greetings, and happy games! But is that all we keep Christmas for? No, surely not!

Let every living thing, if possible, share in the joys of Christmas! Do something to make it a happy time, at least, for every living thing with which you have anything to do. And by so doing we can all try to make it a season of real loving-kindness to one and all. Let us be determined that every living being with whom we have anything to do—our human friends and our “lower brethren”—shall be, somehow, the happier because of what we—you and I—have been able to do for them.

A WORD OF WARNING

THE words below were spoken to a Boston audience by the distinguished visitor from England, the Rev. Charles Gore, Bishop of Oxford. Through every message of this representative of the moral forces of Great Britain there has sounded a note of the finest Christian spirit:

“Take two or three generations of youths, train them in camps into the ideals of military glory for a generation, set your mothers and sisters thinking of nothing but the military glory of their sons and brothers, and let the language of the nation be filled with military phrases, as is the language of England and America today.

“Is it imaginable that these things would not affect the mind of the people? Are we in no danger of militarism? I can conceive of no disaster comparable with this—that we should win a great victory and be able to dictate to the military autocracy of Germany a peace the most desirable that we could imagine; that we should have them under our feet, defeated before all Europe, and that then we should return to our several countries ourselves having imbibed that very disease from which we were seeking to deliver the world.”

IN YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

ONE of the most successful exhibits of humane education literature was that at the large fair held in Yakima, Washington, last September. Our field representative, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, presided at an attractive booth, in which one section was devoted to the Jack London Club. Mrs. Nichols was assisted by several local workers, each of whom supplemented her lectures. As a result, 575 signatures were obtained for membership in the Jack London Club, a large number of humane education books were sold, and quantities of pamphlet literature were distributed freely. Many public school teachers were especially interested in the work as here presented.

During September Mrs. Nichols was one of the principal speakers at the Yakima County Institute for teachers, and she also made a trip, by invitation, with the county superintendent of schools, thus having an opportunity officially to present humane education in the Normal and public schools of that county. Among many other addresses Mrs. Nichols gave one before a large gathering in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium in Yakima.

IN OREGON SCHOOLS

A LETTER from the acting director of the extension division of the University of Oregon, at Eugene, informs us that the loan set of slides on kindness to animals, which were sent out by us a year ago, were used in approximately 25 schools in Oregon, being part of a regular set of slides in use on circuits. The director writes that the slides were found to be very satisfactory and were entertaining and instructive, and has requested the continuance of their use during the coming year, with the assurance that the set would reach, on the average, one school a week.

OUR DEBT TO ANIMALS

ISABEL VALLÉ

DEBT, most men have no eyes to see
Nor understand in their heart-blindness;
Whose souls like empty purses be,
Since lacking in the coin of kindness!

SUCCESSFUL HUMANE MEETING

DESPITE the serious conditions in regard to influenza in many parts of the country, the American Humane Association was successful in holding its forty-second annual meeting at Chicago, October 7 to 10. The meeting opened Monday morning in the Congress Hotel with the annual address by President W. O. Stillman, of Albany, N. Y. The subjects discussed during Monday and Tuesday afternoons related to child protection. Among them was a paper, “Does Humane Education Make Better Fathers and Mothers?” by Miss Ruth Ewing, editor of the *Humane Advocate*, Chicago. No sessions of the Convention were held on the afternoons of Tuesday or Wednesday.

Tuesday evening was devoted to an open forum for the discussion of matters relating to animal protection and humane education. A paper was presented on “War Activities of the Bureau of Animal Industry,” by Dr. John Mohler. Humane education was discussed by Mrs. E. H. Sutherland, a Chicago school principal, and Mrs. Flora Helm Krause.

On Wednesday the topics were “Overloading,” opened by W. K. Horton, general manager of the American S. P. C. A., New York City; “A New Movement in Indiana,” by H. A. Pershing, secretary South Bend Humane Society; “How Are the Interests of the Animal Societies Best Served by an Annual Convention?” by George A. H. Scott, secretary Illinois Humane Society, Chicago; and “Dehorning of Cattle,” by C. H. Eliason, V.M.D., State Veterinarian of Wisconsin. In the evening Mrs. Ethel Fairmont Snyder, of Chicago, presented a paper dealing with stock conditions on the ranges; Miss Lenora Cawker told of her work for animals in Milwaukee; and Mrs. Alice M. Wood, of Muskegon, Mich., made a statement relative to the Jack London Club.

On Thursday the entire day was given up to matters relating to the work of the American Red Star Animal Relief, including reports of finances and of the supplies furnished to army camps; Miss Catharine Outhwaite, of Muskegon, Mich., told how to interest children in the Red Star movement; Mrs. L. R. Hubbard, of Denver, Colo., discussed the subject of introducing novelties in Red Star publicity; President W. F. Crawl, of the Norfolk (Virginia) S. P. C. A., described the methods used in securing Red Star memberships; and Dr. Stillman, director general of the American Red Star Animal Relief, gave an optimistic address on the future of the organization. In the afternoon Dr. Wm. Horace Hoskins, dean of the New York State Veterinary College, New York City, spoke of the “Red Star from the Veterinarian’s Standpoint”; Wayne Dinsmore, secretary of the Percheron Society of America, Chicago, discussed “Keeping America’s Horse Supply Adequate”; Edward O’Grady, editor of *The Illinois Horsehoe*, Chicago, told of “The Importance of Properly Shoeing the United States Army Animals”; and G. E. Wentworth, superintendent of the Union Stock Yard and Transit Company, presented “Transportation Problems in the Shipment of War Horses.”

At the annual election practically all of the officers were reelected, including Dr. Wm. O. Stillman, president.

WELL,” said Snaggs, “I think many dogs have more sense than their masters.” “Yes,” chimed in Craggs. “I have a dog like that myself.” (And yet he couldn’t make out why they laughed.)
—Til-Bits

WATERING HORSES IN JAPAN

FROM Mr. Ralph P. Bridgman, temporary Honorable Secretary of the Osaka Y. M. C. A. in Japan, we have received this interesting communication:

Our Dumb Animals,

Boston, Mass.

The influence of your good work is spreading around the world. During the past year a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been organized in the great industrial city of Osaka. It is being fathered by Mr. Inata Jo of the Osaka municipal office.

The accompanying photograph, taken on a burning hot day in August, shows one of the many temporary drinking buckets which the Society kept connected with hydrants at prominent street crossings and corners during the hot summer months. Another year the Society plans to erect permanent drinking fountains in all the principal squares of the city.

Reading from right to left the characters on the bucket in the picture say (first line) "Temporary bucket," and (second line) "Osaka Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." The signs above the bucket are for drivers and passers-by; "Please supply horses and cattle with water here. After supplying, stop the water running. Osaka Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."



WATER STATION OF THE S. P. C. A. IN OSAKA JAPAN

AN INTERESTING EDITORIAL

From the *Baltimore Star*

BALTIMORE may feel a righteous amount of pride in the organization of a local committee of the American Humane Education Society. The propaganda sent out by this organization is far reaching. Its successful extension goes far to show that the neglect and maltreatment of dumb brutes are to be assigned not to innate cruelty but to apathy and ignorance. Once mankind is aroused to the possibilities for suffering which exist in every sentient organism, a higher and finer spirit of protection and kindness will be involved. A "World Brotherhood" is one of the ideals which it is hoped will be made effectual when the world fermentation has subsided. To include dumb creatures in this brotherhood would make the scheme of things not more complex but far more harmonious. It is to such an end that the *American Humane Education Society* is sending its message to every corner of the globe. It makes practical suggestions to the individual who wishes to cooperate, suggestions which come within the power even of those who have the least leisure. To join a society which pledges its protection of animals from cruelty and wrong; to denounce boldly and without fear all individual cases of cruelty which come within one's notice; to refuse to witness "trained animal performances," and to explain without hesitation one's motives for such an attitude; to discourage all blood sports and rigidly abstain from taking any part in them—such are a few of the means by which the individual may with little effort and with marked increase of self-respect indicate to his less thoughtful companions his abhorrence of all that is brutal and barbaric.

The education of children in the fundamentals of humanity is, of course, one of the most constructive measures which can possibly be taken, not merely for the protection of animals but for the development of those finer qualities which have lain dormant for too long a time in western civilization.

A BREEZE FROM AUSTRALIA

A LOT of literature just received from the American Humane Education Society of Boston. It was about cruelty to animals, and included a magazine called *Our Dumb Animals*, and I got a bump when I looked it over.

Think of us blowing our fellow human beings off the face of the earth, so many thousands every day, and then having the cheek to plead for kindness to beasts! Think of the horrors and cruelties of the European war, and then think of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to our "Dumb Animals." Ain't we a lot of howlers?

Of course, there is no reason why we shouldn't keep on our kindness societies, and our teachings in that line, but I felt a jar when I saw the literature, and I suppose we all feel it?

— *The Queensland Grazier*, Brisbane, Australia

A PATRIOTIC HORSE

WILLIAM BROWN WELCH

A CROSS the canopy above the door of the Merrimack National Bank, Haverhill, Mass., a special Liberty Loan sign was hung. As one of the American Express Company's teams was coming down the street an hour later, drawn by a strong and handsome horse, the top of the wagon hit the canvas sign, knocking it from its place, and causing it to fall on the horse whose head pierced the canvas as a circus rider jumps through a paper-covered hoop.

The patriotic and well-trained horse stood on his hind legs while his driver calmly held the reins, as the sign was removed. The driver quickly jumped from his seat and ran to the horse's head and petted him most kindly. The animal raised his foot; the two shook hands; after which the expressman proudly drove away before admiring eyes.

The next day a new sign was placed higher above the sidewalk, bearing the same words, namely: "Roll up the Liberty Bonds, and roll the Germans back."

ANIMALS IN ITALIAN ARMY

IN the matter of cruelty to animals the Italian Army is very severe," writes Helene Gleichen in an article entitled "A Mobile X-Ray Section on the Italian Front," in *Blackwoods Magazine*. "The slightest hint of a soldier being cruel to his beast and he is punished very severely, men being sent to what are called the Punishment Trenches on the second report; the reason for this being not only humanity, but also expediency, as every man is taught the importance of keeping his beast fit and well for the work he has to do."

THE CLERGYMAN'S PARROT

AN old lady in indifferent health who had a pet parrot told her old servant she had left her one pound a week so long as Polly lived. One day, the servant, who was longing to receive the promised pension it is feared, said, in an impatient voice, "If the old lady would only die!" A short time after the mistress came in, when Polly cried out, "If the old lady would only die." Terribly upset and thinking her end was near she sent for the parson, a near neighbor. Hearing her tale, and seeing the depression caused by Polly's speech, the parson said, "Oh that's nothing, parrots say all kinds of foolish things, the bird is perhaps dull and wants a companion, I will send my bird over; he is full of spirits." In a short time the parson's parrot was brought in. When the cover was taken off its cage, the old lady's bird at once repeated his new phrase, "Oh, if the old lady would only die!" Hardly had it uttered those words before the parson's parrot responded in the voice of his master, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord." — *In a letter from England*

I WANT some powder."

"Mennen's?"

"No, vimmen's."

"Scented?"

"No, I vill take it mit me."

In making your will, remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

American Red Cross—Junior Membership

Conducted and Edited by Dr. H. N. MACCRACKEN

National Director of Junior Membership, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

The Internationalism of the Junior Red Cross

FROM somewhere after the war must come a spirit that is broader than national patriotism. Love of country can accomplish great things; it can lead to the self-sacrifice and stern regard for duty which now characterize the action of the French nation; it is responsible for the devotion to high ideals that takes American men by the millions overseas, but it can also lead to the carnage and slaughter that is being wrought by the German nation, and to that mercilessness which has long been characteristic of Turkish warfare. The next generation of Americans must learn even more fully than has the last that humanity is above national boundaries if peace is to remain civilized peace.

This is, of course, the greatest message of the Red Cross. The deference and courtesy given the Red Cross emblem, even on the battlefield, is proof that in all civilized nations humanity is above nationality. It has been often said that "To understand all is to forgive all." One of the greatest by-products of the present war is the international good-will which is bound to follow the mingling of nations and consequent mutual knowledge of each other's customs, modes of thought, and ways of life. Each nation will learn that it is different from the others only in the superficial things.

KINDNESS AND PATIENCE NEEDED

BOYS inclined to go wrong are not likely to be permanently benefited by the rod. Better to encourage right conduct by appealing to what is good and noble. If your watch gets out of order and you take it to a jeweler, he would not get angry and break it to pieces as punishment. Carefully examining each intricate part of the machinery to find out just where the trouble was, he would soon have the defect remedied and the watch in running order again. Is not this the principle on which we should deal with the erring child? They do wrong often from causes they cannot control or comprehend, and it requires a thoughtful and sympathetic mind to find the springs of action and adjust the delicate machinery, whether it be of the mind, the heart or the body. If we are wise and patient we will have a grateful boy responding readily to good influences instead of a sullen and defiant lad seeking opportunity for revenge. J. J. KELSO in *Humane Pleader*

The best pupils to learn these lessons are the children, not only because their minds are comparatively free from prejudice, but also because they will be the citizens of our after-war democracies. And the best teacher is the Red Cross, standing even now in the midst of national conflict for international principles.

The lesson is not being delayed until after the war. Through the agency of the Junior Red Cross, including in its membership nearly nine millions of school children, international relations are already springing up with foreign school children.

The appeal of the "Belgian Baby" to American boys and girls is well known in any school where funds have been raised for war relief. The story of the thousands of cans of condensed milk that go from the Red Cross to the starving babies of Russia, brings an immediate response from American boys and girls. Here is a letter from a school girl in France, which gives expression of sympathy and understanding between children of two countries:—

"It was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward

the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

"The ocean is so great that the sea-gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side to the other hearts are touching."

And to that letter comes this answer from an American girl:—

"To you, there in the van,
Thronging hundreds of France,
Who through dark mists march to the light,
Forging a way toward the new dawning —

"We come, we, the recruits,
Adding strength to your strength,
Youth to your youth —
That when the mists clear and dawn lightens
the wreck of the world,
We may join in rebuilding."

That is the true spirit of the Red Cross and it is being carried to the citizens of the next generation through the Junior Red Cross in the schools. Education in world-citizenship is the Junior Red Cross program.

BE KIND TO THE DOG

DOROTHY G. BELL

For your own good don't arm yourself with sticks and stones against a cross dog, nor yet try to make friends with him. Better wait for an introduction and ignore him in the meantime.

If a dog follows you and you fail to find his owner and cannot take care of him yourself, don't try to lose him again. A good home is not hard to find.

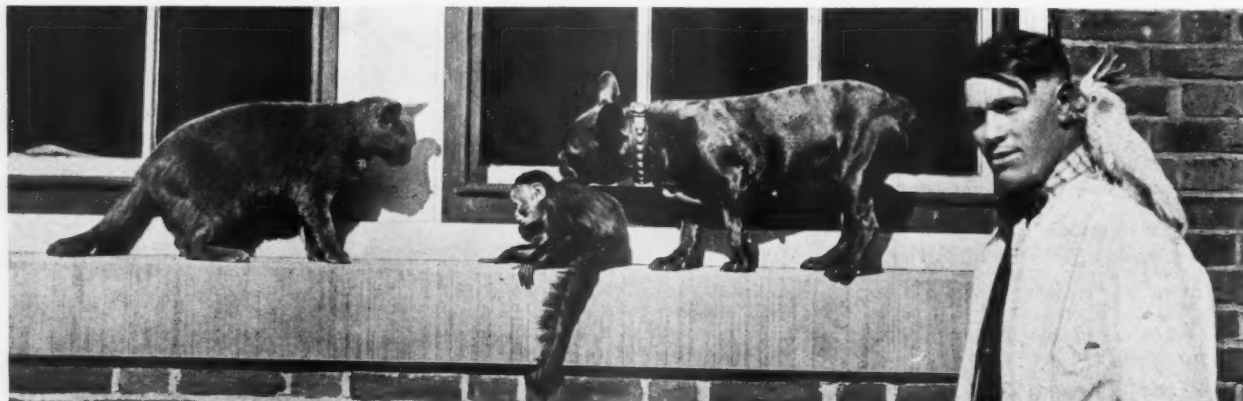
Don't tie a dog where he will suffer from heat, wet or cold or where he can shorten his chain and be in danger of choking. Don't tie him at all if it can be avoided.

After doing what you can for a sick animal, if no veterinarian can be had, leave it alone with food and water. If it suffers and there is no chance for recovery, it is kindness to end its life.

At Christmas Time

But Christmas is not only the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination, — it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well that he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



A HAPPY FAMILY AT THE ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL



"NATURE'S HYDROPLANE"

A. C. JOCHMUS

THIS picture was taken on Monterey Bay, about one and one-half miles from the fish canneries, where sea-gulls make their daily trips to feed on what fish may fall out of the hoisting baskets as the fish are raised from the boats to the cannery shoots. Monterey Bay has countless thousands of these sea-gulls, and they furnish many a wonderful thrill in their flights in and around the canneries, of which there are seven in full operation. The birds, thus attracted in such large numbers, are the scavengers of the sea, and always keep the bay waters clear of all refuse. It is a prison offense to kill them.

TO THE CAT-BIRD

YOU, who would with wanton art
Counterfeit another's part,
And with noisy utterance claim
Right to an ignoble name, —
Inharmonious! — why must you,
To a better self untrue,
Gifted with the charm of song,
Do the generous gift such wrong?

*Delicate and downy throat,
Shaped for pure, melodious note, —
Silvery wings of softest gray, —
Bright eyes glancing every way, —
Graceful outline, — motion free:
Types of perfect harmony!*

*Ah! you much mistake your duty,
Mating discord thus with beauty, —
'Mid these heavenly sunset gleams,
Verizing the smooth air with screams, —
Burdening the dainty breeze
With insane discordancies.*

*I have heard you tell a tale
Tender as the nightingale,
Sweeter than the early thrush
Pipes at day-dawn from the bush.
Wake once more the liquid strain
That you poured, like music-rain,
When last night, in the sweet weather,
You and I were out together.*

*Unto whom two notes are given,
One of earth, and one of heaven,
Were it not a shameful tale
That the earth-note should prevail? . . .*

—ANONYMOUS

CHIMNEY SWIFTS AND THEIR NESTS

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

IN general appearance, swifts much resemble swallows, but they are not related to the swallow at all. The confusion is doubtless due to the fact that there is a resemblance in the long-pointed wings, the small, widely-gaping bills, weak feet, and the habit of capturing their insect prey while in swift and venturesome flights in mid-air. There are about seventy-five known species of the swift, and while fully half are claimed by America, yet only four species belong to the United States. Almost all species possess dull colors, and rarely grow to be over seven inches in length. The only common species in the United States is the chimney swift, which is familiar to almost every family, owing to its invariable habit of constructing its nests in the chimneys.

One of the most interesting characteristics of the swift is the development of its salivary glands, the secretion of which is very necessary in the construction of its nest. Sometimes the



Photo from Nat'l Asso. Audubon Societies

SWIFT AND NEST IN CHIMNEY

nest is made of almost pure saliva, and there are nests built of grass, twigs, leaves, straw, or other vegetable matter, securely massed together with the sticky saliva. When the chimney swift of the United States does not have chimneys available for locating its nest, hollow trees, cliffs, and similar places are utilized for this purpose. When they locate in a chimney, they deposit four pure white eggs. As the young grow up, sometimes they attain such size that the nest will not support the heavy weight, and often the little fellows are found helplessly screaming in the grate or fireplace. When first hatched, the young birds are blind and shockingly naked. It is a remarkable thing about these birds that the young never develop down, but a mass of tiny spines or quills grow upon the body, which makes them look much like tiny hedgehogs.

It is remarkable, too, how the swift is able to remain so long on the wing, with little or no rest. It rests only when sleeping or when its eggs are in the process of incubation. As we sit out and watch the bird cut its antics in the air, we are looking at the most graceful bird on wing. For hours we may watch it make sharp

and short curves with superb grace, and hear its voice screaming as if delighted with its ability to spend its life in the high heavens.

There is a species of swift which much resembles the swallow, and is known as the "edible" swift. It derives its name not for the reason that the birds are edible, but simply because the wealthy citizens of China utilize the nests for conversion into birds'-nest soup. In this species the entire nest is made up of saliva. So large has this industry grown in China that from the island of Borneo there are exported in a single year to China over 3,500,000 nests which are sold for soup-making.

Our common chimney swifts of the United States may often be seen as if sporting in the air and chuckling like a crowd of boys when playing some interesting game. Their confidence in man is attested by the fact that they utilize the chimneys in his home for locating their nests and rearing their young.

THE VANISHING PLOVER

THE upland plover, one of the most beneficial birds of all the winged host that once abounded in North America, has been hunted and shot to the verge of extermination. With the passing of the passenger pigeons, which even now so many friends of all birds find it hard to believe and of which a great many are not convinced, the plovers were marked for wholesale destruction. They were candidates for oblivion along with more than a score of other useful and beautiful species that could be ill spared from our once vast and valuable native fauna.

There is a ray of hope that these birds may not be pursued to complete annihilation. The federal law for the protection of migratory birds makes it possible for the plover species to rehabilitate itself, provided the closed season be fixed to continue throughout the year. The upland plover is a migratory bird and an insectivorous bird. Its food consists of ninety-seven per cent of animal forms which are chiefly the worst enemies to agriculture. The federal law fixes a closed season on migratory insectivorous birds to continue throughout the year with the exception of the bobolink or ricebird, but under the law the plover is classed as a migratory game bird and so its fate is precarious. These birds should not be shot.



Photo from Nat'l Asso. Audubon Societies

UPLAND PLOVER

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

I WOULD that on Christmas Day all men threw wheat and other grain outside the cities that our sister larks may have something to eat, also the other birds, on a day of such solemnity, and for the reverence for the Son of God who rested on that night between an ox and an ass in the manger, whoever shall have an ox or an ass shall provide for them the best of good fodder; likewise on that day all poor men should be satisfied by the rich with good food.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS WITH ANIMAL PETS

THIS is really a letter we are writing to our boy and girl readers. Some of them write us letters, and these letters are among the most appreciated we receive.

Who of us older people who had pets in our childhood can forget the joy that came with our first dog? It may have been a puppy just learning to lap its milk from a saucer, or it may have been some poor stray around whose neck we tied a string leading him home with anxious heart, in the hope we might be told we could keep him. Did anything ever appeal to us more than that wagging tail and those questioning eyes, and all they stood for of affection and response to our love? Perhaps he was taken sick and died. Then how bitter the tears we shed! We can see the grave today where we buried him so tenderly. Or maybe it was a kitten, or a rabbit, or, more wonderful still, perhaps it was a pony, or a saddle horse, which was our first real animal companion and friend.

Alas for the boys and girls deprived of the joy of the possession of some one or more of these four-footed pets! Something has been missed out of their lives, something with power to enrich and develop the character, to enlarge the finer feelings, to stir the nobler emotions, and to awaken in the heart the sense of justice toward all forms of dependent life, ultimately embracing all human life as well. Mr. Angell used to say that, by inquiry, it was learned that of some hundreds of criminals once in a great prison only two or three had ever had any animal pet in his childhood.

But, boys and girls, how often we were unkind to our pets without meaning it! It was no pleasure to the kitten to be picked up twenty times a day, squeezed, held in all sorts of uncomfortable positions, passed over to our playmates to treat in the same way, and sometimes forgotten by us when meal-time came. How shall we act toward these animal pets, dog, cat, rabbit, pigeon, horse? There is one simple rule, following which, we shall never go wrong: Do by them just as we would want them to do by us if we were in their places. Treat them always with kindness; do not annoy or worry them; feed them regularly and find out from someone who knows what they should be fed, how often and how much; see that they have a comfortable place to sleep, and are always protected from cold and rainy weather. By always treating these animal friends who are so dependent upon us, in this way, we shall find it easy to treat all our human fellows in the same spirit of fair play and good will. A great Englishman once said, "Compassion and love for animals secures in the heart compassion and love for men and God."

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Two hundred and sixty-five new Bands of Mercy were reported in October. Of these 81 were in schools of Connecticut; 39 in schools of Rhode Island; 35 in schools of North Carolina; 23 each in schools of Ohio and Massachusetts; 19 in schools of Minnesota; 16 in schools of Texas; 15 in schools of Washington; ten in schools of Maine; two in Canada and one each in California and Kansas.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 115,879

PATRIOTIC BANDS OF MERCY

FOR the fifteenth consecutive year Principal W. S. Strickland of the Sherman School, Cincinnati, Ohio, has organized each of his 22 rooms into a Band of Mercy. Some of the names of these Bands indicate the patriotic spirit of the members: "American Eagle," "Woodrow Wilson," "Pershing," "Old Glory," "Uncle Sam," "Joan of Arc," "Liberty," "U. S. A." We publish these names as good suggestions for names of new Bands of Mercy formed elsewhere.



A QUEER FOSTER-MOTHER

THIS unusual picture, sent by Mr. A. Jones of Marion, Indiana, shows a Scotch collie mothering two pigs. The collie had eleven puppies that were killed, and evidently envious of a Chester white sow with thirteen pigs, promptly adopted two of them. They are now eight weeks old, and follow their foster-mother unless penned up. The dog fights all intruders away from the hog lot, and carefully guards the pigs in every way.



"ONLY A CAT"

EVA J. DEMARSH

ONLY a cat!" Yes, just a little body covered with black and white fur,—but God made her, and in that little body dwells a heart capable of such love and devotion as would put you and me to shame.

"Only a cat!" And men say she has no soul. Perhaps not, but I wonder why we fancy that of all God's creatures we alone are worthy of eternal preservation. Unquestionably, we all have souls, but some of them are so small that one wonders if aught but the All-Seeing Eye could ever find them.

"Only a cat!" Men starve her and beat her, and still she loves on. Only the other day, I lost my little cat. Through back yards and alleys I trudged, and as I thought of her starry eyes and her pretty, loving ways, I cried to think that perhaps never again would she run to meet me or put her little paws on my knee and beg to be taken. Most of the people I met no doubt thought me silly, but then, you see, they did not know her. To them, she was "only a cat." What they told me they did to stray cats made me ashamed for them.

True, there are cats and cats. Some of them have most unlovely traits, but did you ever stop to think that some of them have been well born and tenderly reared, and that within every one lies the power of suffering? You may not want them, but why throw sticks and stones at them or begrudge them a bite from the garbage can? Perhaps the little beast is suffering for the sound of a kindly word. Do not hesitate to give it. Or she may be some one's petted darling and filled with dread and longing, dread of the strange and unknown, and longing for her home and those who love her. Be good to her.

"Only a cat!" is the synonym of many a cruelty. Just put yourself in her place. Remember, she has power to love, to mourn, and to suffer, and that her "cat instincts" are not sins. God gave them to her, and they are to be regulated and controlled, not crushed out of her. Trying to do that will only make both of you miserable.

"Only a cat!" Yes, but how her pretty, loving ways creep into your heart! Some day you will not have her, and then you will know. Be good to her while you may.

IT doesn't seem right," said the man with worn-out shoes.

"What doesn't seem right?"

"That a mere cow can afford to wear all that leather."



CHILDREN'S PAGE



HOW A BIRD HELPED SANTA CLAUS

HELEN M. RICHARDSON

THE North Wind blew his trumpet shrill,
 The Snowflakes danced with glee;
 The Ice King donned his jeweled cap, —
 "We'll be in time!" cried he.
 Then through the air they hurried fast, —
 These friends so blithe and gay, —
 And waited for old Santa Claus
 To jump into his sleigh.

The North Wind tweaked old Santa's nose;
 The Ice King chilled his feet;
 The merry Snowflakes ran a race
 Beside the reindeer fleet.
 And when at length the ride was o'er,
 Old Santa stopped his sleigh:
 "My friends," quoth he, "it takes us all
 To make a Christmas day."

Just then a little chickadee
 Perched on the reindeer's head,
 And as he sang his blithesome song
 Old Santa, musing, said:
 "One thing I had almost forgot, —
 Some birds like Christmas, too."
 He pulled his furs up round his ears
 And mused: "What shall I do?"

Then of a sudden he looked wise,
 And fumbled 'round his sleigh,
 And grinned and said: "I thought I had
 Some bird-seed slowed away."
 The chickadee threw back his head
 And sang: "Chick — chickadee!
 There'd been no Christmas for the birds
 Had it not been for me."

HOW JACK ANSLEIGH'S DOG WAS FOUND

AFTER Jack Ansleigh, the ten-year-old boy hero, had shown his courage and waved his flag in the face of the German submarine that attacked his father's towboat, off Orleans, Massachusetts, he had the misfortune of losing his collie dog, which made him almost broken-hearted for a while.

When the survivors of the battle with the U boat took the train for Boston the boy's dog was put in the baggage car. A little later he slipped his collar, jumped out of the car door, and made for Orleans.

These circumstances came to the knowledge of Secretary McAdoo, who sent a revenue officer down to Cape Cod to hunt for the collie. He soon found him, and boy and dog were happily reunited.

The young hero of the "battle of Orleans" again showed his true Americanism by helping the Boston newsboys sell thousands of dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds.

When the snow and ice make it hard work for the birds to pick up even a scanty living, will not our young readers gather up the crumbs from the table after each meal and put them where the hungry birds can get them?

AN INDIAN GIRL AND HER PET LAMB

NOT every little girl, of course, could expect to have a nice, well-behaved, gentle little lamb for a pet and playmate. But Jeanette Olney, who is only four and a half years old, has one and we are sure that she would like to have other girls and boys know something about it after they see it in the picture.

Mr. Olney, Jeanette's father, is a member of the Yakima tribe of Indians in the State of Washington. He is a very busy man and probably the only Indian humane officer among all the different tribes. Now Mr. Olney is not only a stockholder in the big bank at Wapato, the only Indian bank in the



JEANNETTE OLNEY AND "BOOBY"

United States, but he also has a lot of live stock out on the ranges. That is where the lamb was born; and it was so very small and weak that its own mother couldn't take care of it. So a kind herder took it up and carried it in his pocket for six whole weeks and fed it with his own hands. It was then that the little fellow was given to Jeanette and she at once named it Booby which probably means something nice in the Indian language.

Booby has grown fast and is now six months old. It won't be long before it will be a grown-up sheep, surely before Jeanette gets to be a grown-up girl.

THE little common things of life —
 A kindly word, a little trust,
 A friendly smile amid the strife
 That crushes souls into the dust.

A flower for some tired eyes,
 Or music for a weary heart —
 "Just little things" — not any size —
 But, ah, the sweetness they impart!

EDITH MCKAY

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

OUR HUMBLE HELPERS, Jean Henri Fabre; translated from the French by Florence Constable Bicknell.

The great French scientist who devoted his long life to the study and interpretation of so many of nature's humblest creatures, and was given the title of "The Insects' Homer," also discovered and unfolded countless secrets and other wonderful things about our domestic animals and birds. Chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, the dog, cat, pig, sheep, ox, and horse, all enter into these familiar talks and are made as interesting to the reader as the heroes and heroines of fascinating fiction.

Few are the animal biographers who have treated their subject with so much sympathetic understanding as Fabre. To him there was no "yawning gulf" between the human and non-human species. In this latest book of his to be translated into English one gets a clearer glimpse of the author himself who belonged to the more modern school of humane naturalists in recognizing the close relationship between the living animals and man, and the benefits that man has derived from his humble animal helpers.

The following passage may be cited to show the author's humane instincts as well as his desire to correct a prevailing false notion in respect to geese:—

"I see what you are up to, Uncle," interrupted Jules; "you are taking up your favorite refrain, the praise of the slandered. A while ago you extolled the two ugliest of creatures, the bat and the toad; now you are going to undertake the defense of the goose and clear it of the slander it suffers in being called silly."

"Why should I deny it, my child? Yes, my favorite occupation is pleading the cause of the weak, the miserable, the traduced, the outlawed. The strong and the powerful are not wanting in admirers, so I can pass them over very quickly; but I should reproach myself all my life were I to forget the forsaken and not bring to light their good qualities, unrecognized and, indeed, too often shamefully misrepresented as they are."

Fabre's works have gone into many editions. The present translation appears to be a most excellent one. English readers will find in it a great deal that they never knew but ought to know.

374 pp. \$2. The Century Co., New York.

TOGGLES, Frederick F. Hall.

Birds, bees, butterflies, toads and spiders and almost no end of other attractions greeted and amused Toggles who is a bright, seven-year-old, real boy spending a summer in the country. Many are the happy times he had and his experiences are interestingly told by the author and cleverly illustrated by Charles Copeland.

The child who knows God's outdoors from actual living in it will find his understanding of it deepen and his love for it increased by reading this book. The little shut-in will find it one of the consoling substitutes for winds, woods, and sunshine.

256 pp. \$1.25, net. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

PUBLICITY FOR THE BIRDS

A WEEKLY feature of the *Pittsburgh, Pa., Chronicle Telegraph*, "the Paper That Goes Home," carries the heading "Our Native Birds." Under this caption appear good articles, capital suggestions, sound advice, calculated to promote genuine and widespread interest in the value and beauty of our birds. The department is ably conducted by T. Walter Weiseman, "the Bird Man."

Mr. Angell was always insisting that he believed wars as well as murders and crime could be largely prevented by teaching children to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make either a human being or a dumb animal happier.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

THE BIRD WITH THE BROKEN WING

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

I DREAM, oh, I dream of the summer
Down by the golden bay;
I want the sun in the pine-tops
All the live-long day!
I want the palm-treed river
Dusk with the lofty fronds;
I want the wild dates clinging
O'er the wide Saint John's!

But ah, the wing that bore me
Light through the azure air;
The wing that swept past the mountains
Lifting in grandeur there;
It never more shall battle
Storms in the midnight hour,
Nor glint in orange branches
While with the fragrant flow'r!

I watch the flock in the morning
Gathered from many a lea,
A thousand lawnny robins
Red as tulips be!
I know through the gray of the autumn
Soon they will call good-bye,
When oh, for a wing for the journey
Down toward the Southern sky!

A VISITOR to a small country town lost his dog, an animal which he prized very much.

Rushing to the office of the local newspaper, he handed in an advertisement offering five dollars reward for the return of the dog.

Half an hour later he thought he would add to his advertisement the words: "No questions asked." So he hurried off to the office again.

When he got there the place was empty save for a small boy, who looked very sulky.

"Where's the staff?" asked the tourist, glancing round the deserted room.

"Out looking for your dog!" was the aggrieved retort.

Christmas Giving Demands Useful Presents This Year

The American Humane Education Society, Boston, offers these books, ideal gifts to those interested in animal protection:

For Adults

The Humane Idea, by Dr. Francis H. Rowley, 72 pp. 25 cents, postpaid.

For Youths

Don—His Recollections, (horse story) 274 pp., illus., cloth, \$1.25, postpaid.

The Birds of God, (anecdotes, with colored plates) 318 pp., cloth, \$1.00, postpaid.

For Children

Prince Rudolf's Quest, (fairy story) 150 pp., boards, 58 cents, postpaid.

Order early to avoid delays in the mails

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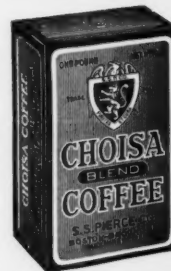
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Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

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